

Morning

*I have lost everything once.
I have heard a handful of dirt
scatter like rain on the last
crib of my youngest child.*

*Once I lay dead in the soaked grass.
Curious insects drummed my head.
Worms came up under my legs.
My head emptied myself into the humming grass.*

*I remember the night
the star fell toward us.
We covered ourselves with our arms.
Our screams were part of the star's scream.
Our bodies snapped together
like firecrackers.*

*You, and then I.
Or all of us together.
I have seen it all lost, everything.*

*Now it is morning. Our eyes open.
We remember each other.
Love enters our graves like sunlight.*

*We wake for this round of minutes
sliding like drops of honey over the clock.
The Oriole's song. Do you hear it?
The orange sun, like drops of acid,
ruins the clock's face.*

*Now we are born again in nowhere,
in a drop of the sun
sliding over the earth,
eating the numbers and letters.
We are born again
in the heavy sweetness of morning.
There is nothing to lose. We have given it all away.*

-- Dolores Stewart

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